

Distraction

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Distraction

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"Good mornin'."

She walked into the room and he already wanted to strangle her. He longed to wrap his hands around her little throat and squeeze until her chipper voice was nothing more than a hoarse plea and then a silent begging for mercy. From time to time during therapy, his hands would twitch, his whole body ready to pounce, but every time the clatter of the chains would ultimately remind him why he couldn't. He'd lean back in resignation, the voice he wanted to shut up so badly chattering on somewhere in the distance while he closed his eyes and thought about bruising her neck.

This was so ridiculous. Everything about this situation was truly and utterly ridiculous and he never knew whether to blame her for this or himself. Then again, maybe Arkham's administration was at fault here. If they'd just sent in someone less cheerful, less mesmerizing, less blue-eyed "hell, even someone _less fucking blonde_" _this would never have happened.

"Are you listenin' to me?"

Her annoying voice brought him back to reality.

"Suuuure", he drawled, "'course I am."

The hell he was. How did she expect him to listen to her therapeutic crap when everything about her was so distracting?

"Dr. Morgan says you're barely sleepin' and-"

He was drifting off again, her chirping nothing more than a background noise.

At least she was easier to tune out than all of the therapists he'd had before her. Sure, there was the annoying voice, but there were more than enough other things to focus on with provoking, little Dr. Quinzel. It was definitely easier to ignore the ramblings of someone when you had such a nice view down her blouse every time she bent forward just the littlest bit.

"-maybe even change up your medication if administration gives me that much freedom-"

There was a tiny strand of hair hanging into her face that she hadn't been able to fit into her bun, and he watched how she swept it aside for what seemed like the millionth time that day. There was always one tiny, little thing that was wrong with her appearance, one day it was a strand of hair, the next it was a button missing from her blouse, and the next her lipstick was smudged just the tiniest bit. She was never absolutely perfect, and each day when she sat down across from him he already began inconspicuously searching for whatever it was that was out of place this time.

Today it was the hair. And it was driving him crazy. She wouldn't stop touching it - putting it behind her ear, where it would stay for maybe a few seconds before it was bothering her again, twisting it around her fingers or straight up blowing it out of her face. If he hadn't been chained down, he would have grabbed the pair of scissors that lay so carelessly on her desk, and chopped the distracting strand of hair right off. But then again, there were a lot of things he'd do if he hadn't been chained down, he thought with a grin.

"What's so funny?"

For a short moment he considered just straight up telling her.

"Nothing, pumpkin pie", he then changed his mind, "don'tcha worry your pretty, little head."

She was frowning now, and tiny creases appeared on her flawless forehead. The strand of hair had fallen into her eyes again and his hands twitched.

"We've talked about this", she said with a disapproving, little shake of her head, "these pet names are anything but appropriate."

He chuckled soundlessly.

"_You're_ anything but appropriate", he mumbled quietly enough for her not to hear. She was the one, after all, who waltzed in here everyday in ridiculously short skirts and blouses that were just barely buttoned up enough to still count as decent. The nerve of that woman was astounding.

"What was that?"

"Nothing, cupca-", he raised his eyebrows in feigned innocence, and corrected himself with a smile, "_Dr. Quinzel."_

She glared at him shortly before continuing her psycho babbling.

With a roll of his eyes, he tuned her out again.

Did she not notice that he wasn't listening or did she simply not care?

"-talk about the problems you seem to be havin' with expressin' emotion and-"

Her blouse's collar had shifted slightly and her cleavage was even more ridiculous than before. Was there no damn dress code in this god-forsaken asylum? Each time she inhaled the first button on her shirt threatened to burst, and he was just waiting for the moment it finally did just so he'd get a good laugh out of it. Yes, a laugh. Nothing else.

He grumbled something incomprehensible, just to make sound of his frustration, while she kept talking in that same screeching, unpleasant voice. His hands twitched again and his chains clattered while with a slight grin he thought about how badly he wanted to shut his annoying, and unfairly distracting doctor up.

Oh, he had rendered many people speechless before; he knew how easy it could be. But brave, little Harley had never really been afraid of him, now had she? Sure, he had intimidated her in the beginning, but she wasn't as stupid as she might have seemed at first. He was no real threat from here, all chained up - at least not as long as she stayed put behind her desk, prissy and well-behaved as she was. No, she was a good little girl and she wouldn't leave that spot of safety for anything in the world. It was a shame, really, because that way he caught a glimpse of her legs far less often than he would have liked.

"-a wide variety of diagnoses, even contradictory in some points, which is why I'd like to get to the bottom of-"

He wasn't quite sure if he wanted to kill her in the most violent way possible, or do something entirely different to make her scream. That made him cackle once again, loudly, and she stopped mid sentence, a questioning look on her face.

He smiled innocently and tried to suppress his giggles.

"Sorry, cupcake, I didn't mean to interrupt."

She opened her mouth to say something â€" most likely to scold him because of the nickname â€" but then immediately closed it again. Sardonicly, he raised his eyebrows at her, barely keeping himself from mocking her goldfish impression.

"Um- "

Poor Harley seemed rather disoriented all of a sudden.

"What- Um, what I was talkin' about before ya started interruptin' me-"

From time to time, whenever her Brooklyn accent was especially striking, he suddenly was a hundred percent sure what she'd sound like in bed. Funnily enough that was a train of thought that usually increased his urge to slam her head against a wall until she stopped breathing. Or, at least until she stopped talking for that matter.

As if she'd been able to read his mind, she suddenly fell silent, shuffling through the papers in front of her. He had no idea what she'd been talking about or what she was looking for, but he honestly didn't care.

That goddamned strand of hair was in her eyes again and she pushed it away twice, chewing around on her lower lip while she was looking through her notes. He appreciated both the sudden, pleasant silence and the opportunity to blatantly stare down her cleavage while she was distracted.

"That's what I've been lookin' for."

His eyes snapped back up to her face at the sound of her voice and he mustered something close to an apologetic grin. Still, it wasn't like he was actually sorry for staring at something she basically shoved into his face every day.

"Were you-", she didn't finish her question, probably realizing that she did not want to hear his answer.

So she blushed instead, fumbled with the piece of paper in her perfectly manicured hands, and started talking once more.

He immediately zoned out again.

His eyes skimmed over her face, her flawless, creamy skin, down to her neck and promptly to her breasts again. Damn it. She was fixing her glasses now, those tacky thick-framed things, and for the millionth time he wondered whether she actually needed them. Probably not. God, she was so tawdry, so desperate to be taken seriously, from her tightly pulled back hair down to her much-too-high-for-a-respectable-doctor heels. She'd probably slept her way to where she was now anyway, he thought with an amused grin and a look at her lips, which were still moving even though he had no idea what she was saying.

He only snapped out of it when he felt her expectant stare on him.

"Huh?"

"I said time's up", she chirped, "you seemed to be especially distracted today."

"You have no idea", he mumbled, while she collected her papers and files, and got ready to get up.

On her way to the door, he caught a glimpse of her legs in that ridiculously short skirt and he smiled to himself.

"Love to see you leave...", he mumbled with a sly grin, "and love to watch you go even more."

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